

CHARIVARIA.

At the Banquet of the Association of Municipal Corporations the PRIME MINISTER made a sporting offer to change places with the Mayor of EASTBOURNE. At one time it was hoped that the suggestion might be acted upon, but Eastbourne is said to have raised obstacles.

The question of election colours is exercising many minds just now. There is a demand for "One party, one colour;" but surely we have this already. The other party is always black.

"Germany," says Lord MONTAGU, "is mistress of the air in the same way as we claim to be mistress of the sea." The song in Germany, we take it, is:—

Ru'e, Germania,
Germania rules the air!
Britons never, never
Will —get—there!

"The fleets engaged in the North Sea Manœuvres," says a contemporary, "are moving." This just proves that our ships are not in the rotten state that some persons would have us believe.

Owing to an unfortunate quarrel between Colonel RICARDO and the Army Council, the Millennium has been indefinitely postponed.

A man imprisoned in an American penitentiary has been writing such excellent poetry during his incarceration that, as the result of a newspaper agitation, he has been released. There are still, we believe, quite a number of gaol birds in the Sing-Sing prison.

Four - and - twenty head-hunters from Formosa have come over for the Japan-British Exhibition. Their arrival is said to have caused something like a panic among the peaceable Shepherd's Bushmen. It is not realised that, beyond removing their heads, the true Formosan does no harm to his victims.

"Why are telegraph messengers allowed only twenty minutes for dinner?" asked someone in the House of Commons. The question shows a lamentable ignorance of human nature.

The average boy can stow away in twenty minutes what it would take an adult an hour to circumvent.

It is reported that at Glasgow on the 15th inst., before nearly 7,000 persons, Mr. ALEXANDER GASTON and Miss MARY

£416,180," a gentleman writes to us from Gotham to enquire how one may become an Intestate, as it is evidently a very paying profession.

"The £1,000,000 in gold brought from New York by the *Mauretania*," reported *The Express* last week, "was taken through the streets of London to the Bank of England yesterday in ordinary railway vans." Chorus in Notting Dale:—"What's the good of telling us this after the event?"

The marriage of Miss MARJORIE GOULD and Mr. ANTHONY DREXEL has duly taken place. "The wedding gifts," we are told, "were valued at £250,000." The knowledge that they may be valued adds a fresh terror to the giving of wedding presents.

From the report of the Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools:—

"The two most troublesome girls are one who is persistently disobedient, and another who is equally persistent in her attempts to abscond. Since being vaccinated, however, she has settled down better. There is a mark system which might be worked to better effect."

It is not clear whether vaccination is part of the mark system or not.

What Gordon Said.

"The two men were then face to face, the Arab with his dusky cheeks and flashing black eyes, the Englishman with his glittering grey eyes and lips set firm as steel. There was another moment of silence while they stood together so, and then Gordon, liberating Ishmael's arms, said, in a commanding voice—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

Manchester Evening Chronicle.
A poorish outlook for Ishmael.

"Yesterday afternoon the s.s. Alert, owned by the Guernsey Steam Towing Company, struck a rock in Rocquaine Bay, in the neighbourhood of the Hanois Lighthouse. The Alert had been engaged for a pilotage examination. . . . The three candidates for the pilot's certificate passed successfully."—*Guernsey Evening Press.*

It sounds rather an easy examination.

"AFTER OFFICIAL HOURS.

"SAYAHNAH'S"

Liverpool Daily Post.

We quite understand.



Old Shopman (to Boy who has forgotten what his mother has sent him for). "MAYBE IT'S TINTACKS, OR IS IT FLOOR POLISH? IT CANNA BE TREACLE, BECAUSE YE HAVE NA GOT A JUG. IS IT A WEE BIT TOBACCO FUR YER PAW? NO? THEN IT'S PERHAPS A QUARTER-PUN O' TEA? IT'S NO LINOLEUMS OR BOOTLACES YER MITHER'S WANTING? CANNA YE THINK, LADDIE? IS IT HAIRPINS OR CURRANT CAKE? PERHAPS IT'S—"

Boy. "I'VE JUST THOCHT O'T. IT'S A SOOTHER FOR THE BABBY."

Shopman. "AWA' W! YE TO THE DRUGGIST; WE DINNA KEEP THEM."

MACKIE were quietly married in a den of performing lions.

More Commercial Candour. From a sign-board outside a bootmaker's shop in Westminster:—"Rock Bottom Value is the Secret of our Success."

Having read in his newspaper the announcement:—"Intestate leaves

THE PEERAGE MUTUAL SELF-RESPECT INSURANCE CO., LTD.

[MOTTO: *Nolo nobilitari.*]

This Company is to be formed immediately after the Spring Recess, for the purpose of providing Insurance against the risk of an offer of a Peerage under the Asquith Guarantees Scheme. It is felt that, though the Liberal Party, as a whole, may be in favour of correcting the political balance in the House of Lords by the creation of 500 new Peers individual members of the Party will naturally recoil from the prospect of receiving an invitation to the Peerage under conditions so subversive of self-respect. The Company's Policies are therefore expected to appeal to a very wide circle, embracing in particular:

1. Liberal Members of Parliament.
2. Liberal Candidates recently defeated at the Polls.
3. Gentlemen who, from motives of simple loyalty, have generously subscribed to the Liberal Party Fund, the Budget League, the Gladstone League, and other subsidiary Party organisations.
4. Editors and other gentlemen of the Press who as a matter of conscience have supported the Liberal Party, whether right or wrong.
5. Gentlemen not already included in this category who by other services to the Liberal Party have inadvertently rendered themselves liable to Official Recognition.
6. Baronets of Liberal creation, who, by their proximity to the Peerage, are peculiarly exposed to the above insidious assault upon their dignity.
7. Knights of Liberal creation, similarly exposed, but in a less degree.

Insurance will be effected upon a sliding scale according to the risk indicated. Thus a Liberal Member who has been returned by a large majority will be invited to pay a much higher premium than a Member whose seat is regarded as shaky. Subscribers, again, of large sums to the Party coffers will not be accepted at the same attractive figure as subscribers of a comparatively modest amount.

Favourable terms will be allowed to those who limit their risk to the offer of an Hereditary, as opposed to a Life, Peerage. At the same time it must be understood that such offer, though implying the recipient's eligibility for association with a degraded Second Chamber, will not be regarded as constituting a sufficient insult on which to found a claim upon the Company's benefits, unless the offer specifies inclusion among the 500. Gentlemen, therefore, who anticipate appointment to a Colonial Governorship, entailing the penalty of a Peerage, are warned that they will not be accepted as Policy-holders. In any case, as set out below, their claims would be invalidated by the acceptance of a Peerage.

As a measure of precaution, claimants of the Company's benefits will be required to prove in black and white the receipt of an invitation to the Peerage, signed by the Prime Minister, and witnessed jointly by a Justice of the Peace, a Mayor, and a Chartered Suffragette.

Claims will be invalidated—

1. By the actual acceptance of a Peerage.
2. If it can be shown that the Policy-holder, after taking out his Policy, has committed some conspicuous act of loyalty to the Liberal Party with the object of securing the insult of an invitation to the Peerage, and so enjoying the Company's benefits.
3. If it can be shown that a Policy-holder, after taking out a Policy, offers a bribe to the Party Chest with the object of securing the said insult and so pocketing the difference between his bribe and his insurance money.
4. If any announcement of the said insult, appearing in the Press, can be traced to the recipient's initiative. Rights of publicity will be confined to the Company's books, which

will be open to inspection by Shareholders and Policy-holders only.

Among its many other attractions, the Company will offer special facilities to any group that may desire to take out a Policy *en bloc* against the risk of a general invitation to the Peerage: *e.g.*, a company of the Guards, the Staff of *The Daily Chronicle*, or the congregation of the Rev. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P.

O. S.

THE AVIATRIX.

["Five women can fly."—*Daily Mail.*]

WHAT need have they, the sweet young things
Who rule us with their smiles and tears,
What need of mere mechanic wings
To haul them up to higher spheres?
On saphr plumage I see them buzz,
It fills me with delight, it does,
To think of them as goddesses (the dears!).

And if by art of whirling screws
The less æthereal sex to-day
Can dare the short Olympian cruise,
And rise superior to its clay,
What is it to the mental lift
That long ago was woman's gift,
The power of love and peerless beauty's sway?

Then seek not, gentle ones, to fly!
Leave to the dull material man
The engines that can scale the sky,
The swoops of that tremendous fan,
The wings that (though the bard has scoffed)
Indubitably flap aloft
With frequent "dopings" from the petrol-can.

Let Vulcan in his smithy forge
A better than Dædalian craft,
And smoky furnaces disgorge
(With huge propellers fore and aft)
A *char-à-banc* of airy breed
That does attain a tidy speed
Although the chaps that "chauff" her look so daft.

But let not Venus, the divine,
In aviating gown and gloves
Attempt the steering wheel, nor twine
The goggles on her suite of Loves,
Nor wear those semi-arctic looks,
But sally from Italian nooks
Still in the old victoria with the doves.

That is the point; for I have seen
Some portraits of the flying fair,
And, if my temporary queen
Should choose to don that dowdy wear,
I know that I should have a fit,
I could not stand her in a kit
Mingled of Esquimaux and Edward bear. EVOE.

From "Queries and Answers" in an Indian paper:
"Will anyone kindly suggest an effective cure for eczema?"
All the cures we know have it already.

"Mr. Otto Kahn, of New York," says the London correspondent of *The South African News*, "has bought the portrait by Frans Hals of himself and his family for the sum of £103,000." The sub-editor interprets this in a head-line as:

"BOUGHT OWN PORTRAIT AT RECORD PRICE."

We must try to imagine OTTO sitting to HALS.



THE PEOPLE ACCLAIM THEIR BUDGET.



A WORLD OF SHAMS.

Officer (of Umpire Staff). "Hi, YOU THERE! YOU MUSTN'T CROSS HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE THE NOTICE? THIS BRIDGE IS SUPPOSED TO BE DESTROYED."

Subaltern (cheerfully). "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SWIMMING ACROSS."

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SPRING IN TOWN.

Park Lane, April 26.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The most sensational wedding of the season, so far, has been the Marquess of Midlands and Gwendolen Carruthers's. When it got about that the bride was *not* an American, and *not* from the Merriment Theatre, but just an English gentlewoman, a huge crowd collected, stormed the church, and blocked all the streets near. It was all Midlands and Gwendolen could do to reach their brougham afterwards; and there was such a dreadful fight among the camera-men trying to snap-shot the bride that poor Gwen almost fainted. The dowager Midlands, who has an old-fashioned horror of publicity and *bruit*, says she's inclined to be sorry her son has done such an *outré*, conspicuous thing as marry a countrywoman of his own and his equal in birth; but Midlands says *his* only regret is that he didn't charge ten-and-six a head for admission to St. Agatha's!

I gave a most *enormously* successful dinner-dance for the Hairy Ainus the other night. People were ready to kill

each other for invitations to meet them. There was such a frightful crush on the staircases after dinner that I'm quite certain hundreds got in who weren't invited.

The Ainus are simply *quite*! We couldn't have any knives or sharp things at dinner—they're not to be trusted with them. *Isn't* that a dilly idea? We're all tremendously gone on one of them, the Hairiest and Ainiest of the lot. A charming creature, my dear! I hear he had some brothers even *sweeter* than himself, but he killed them before leaving wherever it is they come from. During the evening, Popsy, Lady Rams-gate, who is a good deal *éprise*, asked him to dance. She was trying to make him understand, when a Hairy Ainu-ess (she looked awfully *chic*—you couldn't see anything of her face but her lips, and they were tattooed) became so threatening and violent that Popsy was frightened and backed out.

Stella Clackmannan (you know what a clever amateur artist she is) had this particular Ainu to Clackmannan House to do his portrait. But at the first sitting, just as Stella was "putting him in," as she calls it, something *put* him

out. He lost his temper all of a sudden, and when the Hairy Ainus lose their tempers, my dear, they *do* lose them! Stella screamed and ran out of the studio. The man who manages him couldn't manage him; the duke came in to help; but in spite of the man and the duke he smashed almost everything in the studio. *Isn't* he a sweet creature? He's going to be the rage in London this summer.

We're all rubber-mad still. I've had a little flutter and it came up heads, and I gave a rubber lunch at the Recherche. *Everyone* seemed to be giving rubber lunches the same day, and the babel of "Malacca," "Sumatra" and "Vallambrosa" was absolutely deafening. It has its drawbacks. Lots of people have had to go into Nursing Homes with rubber heart and rubber brow. Myself, I have my brow massaged every day, the rubber frown is so horribly unbecoming, and the worst of it is, you do it quite unconsciously whenever rubber is mentioned.

The Bullyon-Boundermere people are on the crest of the rubber wave. He's made a big scoop, and, as we all want his advice and his tips just now, they're

invited everywhere and everyone goes to her parties. It won't last, of course. As I said to Norty yesterday, as soon as the boom's over, they and their parties will be dropped. "That won't matter, though," he said. "Their parties being rubber balls, the more you drop them, the more they'll bounce up again."

Descendants have been a good deal in the air lately. I've been whipping my brains up trying to arrange a pageant or kick-up of some kind with descendants in it. I thought of descendants of highwaymen and descendants of Derby winners; but I can't make up my mind which of the two would make the snappiest show.

Pity me, dearest. I've a young cousin from the wilds of Devonshire on my hands. It's all my absurd good nature. Her people pleaded with me on the bended to take her, lick her into shape, and erase the memory of some silly love-affair with a young wandering artist.

And so behold your poor Blanche chaperoning a pre-historic girl, with a fixed colour and an immense capacity for silence, who believes in all sorts of things, and has a funny little set of "principles," in case complete, with which I can see her measuring all of us while we wait. And the way the child blushes! Isn't it a funny arrangement that the people who have *last* cause for blushing, do it all? I've taken her to task on this point and some others. "You must *not* blush, Rosemary," I tell her. "Blushing is *quite* out. And you must *talk*, my child. Even if you've nothing to say, you must say it. The old saying, Silence is golden, certainly doesn't apply in the marriage market—silent girls never fetch good prices there. And another thing—you mustn't sit and think. Thinking is *not done*. And with regard to this little *affaire-de-cœur* of yours, no girl ought to think seriously of an artist unless he's an R.A.—and then he's too old to think of at all."

It's a bore some rôle, "With a little hoard of something, preaching down a cousin's heart," as one of the laureates said. Ever thine, BLANCHE.

Disintegration.

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Auctioneer's Catalogue.

The melting-pot getting to work.

From an expert report in the prospectus of a new rubber company:—

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WE walked through the Park and observed the rank and fashion of London—none of them (as I pointed out to Miss Middleton) more beautiful than ourselves, all of them richer.

"Speak for yourself," she said quickly. "None of them more beautiful than me," I amended.

"I meant the 'richer' part. I've got a rubber share."

"What do you do with it?"

"I don't do anything; they do all the doing. James gave it to me, and said that if I kept it till I was—"

"Seventeen—"

"Yes—and then sold it, I should make a lot. But I don't think I ought to sell an uncle's present, do you?"

"I know you mustn't look an uncle in the mouth, but I don't think there's anything about selling his rubber shares. Sell them, and buy me a—anything."

"Oh, I've got plenty to buy just now," said Miss Middleton, confidently.

"It is an expensive time of the year," I agreed. "I simply must have some new summer suitings."

"You should have your old ones put away carefully at the end of the summer."

"I do. And then when I ask for them at the beginning of May I'm told that the moth has got them. *Moth!*" I said, bitterly. "What does a moth want with a pair of flannel trousers?"

"I expect it wants to play for The Butterflies. Sorry; I simply had to."

We walked on in silence for a time—I gurgling at Miss Middleton's joke, she brooding over my wrongs. No; that can't be right. She gurgling at her own joke, I brooding over my wrongs—that's what I mean.

"You seem very happy about something," I said at last.

"But I'm happy about everything. Aren't you?"

"Well, I'm not *unhappy* about anything—except that moth, and I do like seeing you look like this. Otherwise I'm just about ordinary."

"Oh," said Miss Middleton reproachfully, "what a shame to say that on a day like this—with cricket just going to begin, and dances and everything. Oh, I'm going to do *such* a lot this time."

"I say that at the end of every April," I remarked. "And then it rains."

"But it won't rain this year."

"Thank you very much."

"It isn't me, it's Negretti," she confessed generously. "So now you'll be happy, won't you?"

"If you're sure it will be fine," I said cautiously. "Don't think me a doubter, but last year does want some forgetting. The week-ends in the wet; the fielding in the cold; Lord's in the rain. When I think of it I feel that

I've lost a whole year of my life. 1909 simply doesn't count."

"But you can't only count the fine days or what about the farmers?"

"True. Besides I should only be about five that way. Still, blow the weather."

"But I've promised you this summer is going to be fine," protested Miss Middleton. "Don't go back on that."

"Right; I'm a believer. One of the elect. Hooray!"

"Hooray! Now, what are you going to do? Are you getting lots of invitations?"

"Millions."

"I simply love getting them."

"I simply hate answering them. I generally wait until I've lost them, and then I've forgotten the day and the address and everything."

"You should ask your nurse to buy you one of those 'Where is It' books."

"I should never know where it was. No, you'd better let me go on in my old way. I get there in the end—generally on the wrong night."

"You'll come to our dance on the right night, won't you?"

"If I'm asked."

"Oh, I expect mother will ask you."

"Yes, she's a nice woman, isn't she? I must ask her to come to the Oval with me one day."

"I'm going to Henley, and the Varsity match, and Eton and Harrow, and the Tonbridge week, and the Army Pageant, and Ascot, and the Shakespeare ball," said Miss Middleton in a breath.

"I'm going to the Surbiton Lawn Tennis Tournament, and Derbyshire and Northamptonshire, and the bazaar at Leamington, and the opening of the Kettering baths, and the Polytechnic bicycle races," I said in two breaths.

"Oh, anybody can go to all the things I'm going to," said Miss Middleton modestly.

"It's rather difficult to get into the enclosure at Kettering," I said.

"I suppose you know the mayor. How jolly! Well, we shall meet sometimes, I expect."

"Halfway between Leamington and Ascot, perhaps."

"Even that might be rather nice. But it's a long time to wait. I'll give you an invitation now, if you like."

"Do. I'll promise to answer at once."

"Well, come and have lunch with me. I mean really 'with' me, because of my rubber share. Besides, I'm awfully rich, anyhow. We'll begin the season well."

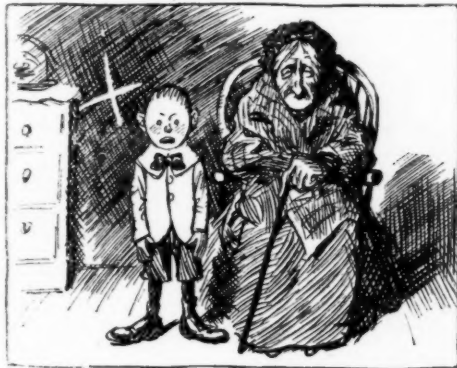
The sun came out from behind a cloud and made believe it was June. (I don't mean June of 1909, of course.) Miss Middleton took a deep breath and looked round the Park.

"Oh, hooray for everything that's coming," she said softly to herself.

A. A. M.

A CAREER IN THE MAKING.

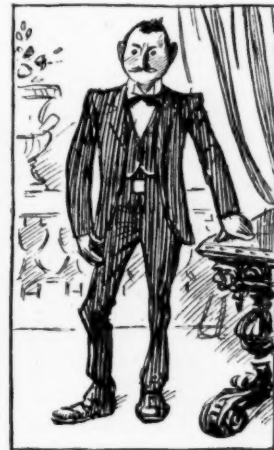
Percy, jealous of the hero of a recent *cause célèbre*, steals a potato in the hope that he may appear in *The Daily Mirror* as PERCY, THE LITTLE PECKHAM LAD, PUT IN PRISON FOR PINCHING A POTATO!



PERCY AND HIS AGED GRANDMOTHER.
(Percy is indicated by a X.)



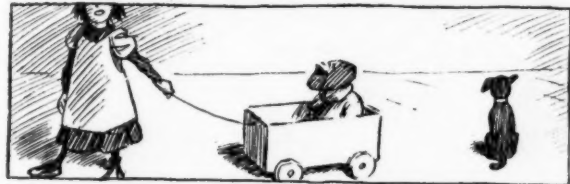
CONSTABLE WHO ARRESTED PERCY.



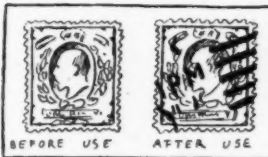
THE SAME IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE.



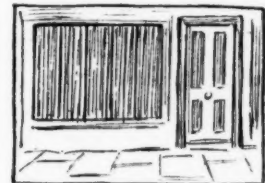
OUR REPRESENTATIVE DISCUSSING THE SITUATION WITH
RELATIVE OF PERCY IN HIS PRETTY YORKSHIRE HOME.



PERCY'S LITTLE PLAYMATES AT PECKHAM.



STAMP USED BY PERCY WHEN WRITING
TO THE HOME SECRETARY.



THE POTATO SHOP, AS IT AP-
PEARS AFTER CLOSING HOURS AND
ON SUNDAYS.



VIEW AT STREATHAM, A PLEASANT WALKING DISTANCE FROM PERCY'S
HOME. INSET—PORTRAIT OF EX-MAYOR OF STREATHAM.



RE-UNION OF PERCY AND HIS PARENTS.

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"I suppose you know the mayor. How jolly! Well, we shall meet sometimes, I expect."

"Halfway between Leamington and Ascot, perhaps."

"Even that might be rather nice. But it's a long time to wait. I'll give you an invitation now, if you like."

"Do. I'll promise to answer at once."

"Well, come and have lunch with me. I mean really 'with' me, because of my rubber share. Besides, I'm awfully rich, anyhow. We'll begin the season well."

The sun came out from behind a cloud and made believe it was June. (I don't mean June of 1909, of course.) Miss Middleton took a deep breath and looked round the Park.

"Oh, hooray for everything that's coming," she said softly to herself.

A. A. M.

A CAREER IN THE MAKING.

Percy, jealous of the hero of a recent *cause célèbre*, steals a potato in the hope that he may appear in *The Daily Mirror* as PERCY, THE LITTLE PECKHAM LAD, PUT IN PRISON FOR PINCHING A POTATO!



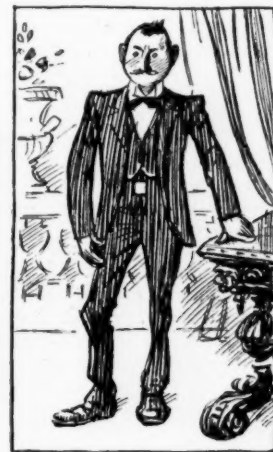
PERCY AND HIS AGED GRANDMOTHER.
(Percy is indicated by a X.)



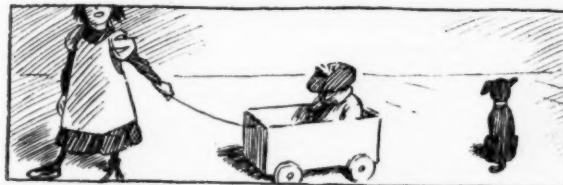
OUR REPRESENTATIVE DISCUSSING THE SITUATION WITH
RELATIVE OF PERCY IN HIS PRETTY YORKSHIRE HOME.



CONSTABLE WHO ARRESTED PERCY.



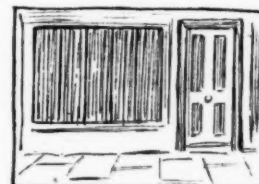
THE SAME IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE.



PERCY'S LITTLE PLAYMATES AT PECKHAM.



STAMP USED BY PERCY WHEN WRITING
TO THE HOME SECRETARY.



THE POTATO SHOP, AS IT AP-
PEARS AFTER CLOSING HOURS AND
ON SUNDAYS.



VIEW AT STREATHAM, A PLEASANT WALKING DISTANCE FROM PERCY'S
HOME. INSET—PORTRAIT OF EX-MAYOR OF STREATHAM.



RE-UNION OF PERCY AND HIS PARENTS.

LEWIS BARNER.

FISCAL FANCIES.

[Being Letters to any Editor who may care to print them.]

I.

SIR.—In the article which appeared in your columns yesterday, Mr. John Welbore puts the following question to Tariff Reformers. Supposing, he says, that the imports of raw materials are balanced by the exports of manufactured goods, what will be the effect of a duty of two shillings on wheat, allowance being made for the cost of freight and insurance wherever the rebate is equal to the prime value of the piece goods reckoned in the currency of the country of origin together with all the charges of carriage from place to place f.o.b. and c.o.d., no account being taken of the incidental effects (this is important) of climate and the habits of the importers? I think I have stated Mr. Welbore's question fairly, though for the sake of convenience I have summarised it. The answer is easier than Mr. Welbore seems to imagine. Since piece goods, according to his own admission, are a variable quantity, freight and insurance must necessarily rise to the level of the demand for wheat (in quantity, not in value) and the resultant is the mean expenditure multiplied by the numbers of the population (see Politzky on "Averages," pp. 15, 16 and 17, and the note on p. 26). It is clear, therefore, that a duty of two shillings can only decrease the cost to the consumer; and the same is true of all sums up to twenty-eight shillings. At that point another factor comes into play, and we have to consider how the miller is likely to be affected by the rise in the price of offal.

I have now shown that Mr. Welbore's conundrum, which was intended to demolish Tariff Reform, is in reality one of the most convincing arguments in favour of that great constructive policy.

Yours, etc.,

ALBERT E. BOLUS.

II.

SIR.—Mr. Albert E. Bolus, in his haste to support the tottering fabric of Tariff Reform, has omitted to state or to answer one of the most essential points in my argument, and has added to it an assertion which I never made. I said nothing at all about manufactured goods. My whole argument depended on the rate of exchange between two countries of which one uses gold as a medium, while the other uses either beads or silk handkerchiefs. On the other hand, I maintained that, *ceteris paribus*, the available capital of a country varies in an inverse ratio to its foreign trade in partially manufactured goods. The price of bread in a protected country is, therefore, necessarily double the price in a country which enjoys free imports. Politzky's well-known inference from the wage-tables of agricultural labourers has nothing whatever to do with this. If Mr. Bolus had extended his reading to page 300 of the "Averages" he would have found the statement that "the fact that wages tend to disappear under a protective tariff cannot be gainsaid." Why did Mr. Bolus suppress this important passage? Finally, let me ask Mr. Bolus to consider the following case. The population of a town in Bengal wishes to buy an elephant, but finds that the home article, owing to the operations of the elephant trust, is too expensive. The elephant is therefore purchased in Africa at a saving of 10,000 rupees, shipping and food included. What is the result? The inhabitants of Africa are immediately enabled to buy a Bengal tiger for 5,000 rupees. Thus Bengal gets its elephant, and can, with the saving of 10,000 rupees, plus the 5,000 obtained for the tiger, purchase loin-cloths or other commodities, while Africa possesses the tiger and can give employment to a considerable number of hunters and trackers who would otherwise become a charge on the poor-rate. If Mr. Bolus had his way Bengal would have to purchase her elephant at home, the manufacturers of loin-cloths would lose 15,000 rupees, and some 10,000 natives would have to

go naked, while Africa would lose her tiger as well as the purchase-price of the elephant, and would have to see the gradual starvation of her hunters and trackers owing to unemployment. Can any sane man doubt which of these two systems is the better? Yours, etc., JOHN WELBORE.

III.

SIR.—I have no desire to pursue a correspondence with a man capable of such statements as appear in Mr. Welbore's letter to you. I merely want to point out that Politzky's book contains only 259 pages, and that the statement quoted by Mr. Welbore from page 300 is therefore as mythical as the rest of his assertions. Free Trade must indeed be in a bad way to need the support of such a champion.

Yours, etc.,

ALFRED E. BOLUS.

IV.

SIR.—Mr. Bolus of course has the Tariff Reform edition of Politzky. If he will consult the original and only genuine edition he will find that it has 360 pages and that the statement I quoted duly appears on p. 300. Mr. Bolus must try again.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN WELBORE.

THE POET'S ATLANTIS.

[In America, it appears, a poet can contribute to magazines and papers whilst in prison, and facilities are given to the convict for piano playing.]

Give me your charming claw, and let us shake,
Bird of a land where freedom fairly oozes,
And penitential walls appear to make
A Paradise for children of the Muses;
What though their liberty to loaf be gone
Their numbers in the press go marching on!

Here when the hairy poet makes of Spring,
Tells of his woodland haunts (what flowers have
pranked 'em),
The public hardly deigns to hear him sing,
The Editor (reclining in his sanctum),
Contemptuous of the great, the Delian god,
Wishes (aloud) his caller were in quod.

That, he believes, would stop him: so do I.
Not though his strains were lively as the linnet's
Would justice do a two-step on the sly,
Would warders be at hand with harps and spinets,
And fountain-pens and foolscap sheets and lyres,
And all the what-nots which the Muse requires.

There it is otherwise: that glad some shore
(Which sends us millionaires and potted bison
And ROOSEVELT, raging with prophetic lore)
Allows the sacred bard a bit of licence:
It lets him forge sweet music's heavenly link,
And even utter wood-notes, while in clink.

Impressionable gaolers hear him crash
The vocal chords, and come and oil his tresses;
The papers offer him no end of cash
For first refusal of his MSS.'s;
And editors besiege the awful frown
Of Aeacus to have his time cut down.

Then waft me, eagle, to a soil where song,
Whate'er betide, is never wholly bottled,
And poets, if confined for doing wrong,
Whether the garb they wear be plain or mottled,
With du'cimer and bells in constant use,
Can aggravate the crimes they did when loose.

N. O. U.

(Nephews on Uncles.)

The *Daily Mail's* article on Mr. REDMOND by his nephew suggests a departure in personal journalism which may rapidly develop into something like this:—

UNCLE EDWARD.

By William Hohenzollern.

He has been called the uncle of Europe (*Hoch!*), but since Europe has no individual pen let me, as a nephew, see what I can do for him. And who could do it better? To be uncle of Europe is no small thing, as I can tell, although I have never tried it. Enough for me to be its *enfant terrible*. Well, he is courteous, my uncle, tactful (*Hoch!*), quick, *bon garçon*, and yet always the King. I admire him intensely. May the day be long distant when it is necessary for me to eclipse him!

UNCLE DAVID.

By a Nephew.

Oh, he is charming at home, charming. You should see him with his golf clubs—all so jolly. And nothing like so good at sums as you might think, or so keen on money. I have often seen him give coins to beggars; and he has even tipped me. His language too in private life is quite refined: you would hardly know him. And his wit—when we were all with him the other day about the scandalous attack on his veracity—he said, "Oh, never mind: it's only one of O'BRIEN'S breaches."

UNCLE TIM.

By a Nephew.

Few men in the political world are at once better and less known than Mr. HEALY, the Irish statesman. The impression of the world is that he is a caustic and witty critic of men and measures. On the contrary, he is the mildest and sweetest of creatures. His witty speeches are written for him (I may not tell by whom), and he commits them to memory only with tears and sobs. It is as though a grasshopper had to use the sting of a wasp. You may ask in surprise, Why does he do this? The answer to which is, You do not know my Uncle Tim; his passion for Irish liberty is so great that he would go to any personal suffering rather than not serve her—even to being sarcastic.

UNCLE ARTHUR.

By a Nephew.

Few men in the political world are more successful in concealing their true identities than Mr. BALFOUR, or Uncle ARTHUR, as I cannot help calling him. For example, when I was at school, I had to open a debate in favour of Free Trade, and, being ignorant of the subject,



"D' YOU RECOLLEC' OLD WOT'S-IS-NAME?" "IM WITH THE COLLAR?"
 "AY!" "WOT ABOUT 'IM?"
 "'E 'AD TO GO DOWN—(jerk of the head)—YOU KNOW—THEY GIV' 'IM WOT YOU CALL IT—
 DIDN'T ARF GIT IT, I DON'T THINK!" "REELY!"
 "'ADN'T YOU 'EARD THEN?" "I DID 'EAR SOMEFINK, BUT NO DETAILS, NOT AFORE NOW."

I wrote to him for advice, with the result that he sent me a speech which enabled me to secure a handsome majority. Mr. BALFOUR has been and may again be PRIME MINISTER, but his real passion is dancing. To see him at his best you should see him in the ballroom. He is the best two-step dancer in Haddingtonshire. Music is another of his accomplishments, and he always plays the organ in church at Whittingehame when he is at home. As a boy he was very

fond of bird's-nesting, but it is characteristic of his kindness that he will never touch lobsters because they are caught alive. He is much addicted to puns and practical joking, and taught me how to set a booby-trap before I was ten. He is a great believer in breakfasting in bed.

UNCLE MICHAEL.

By a Nephew.

When Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH succeeded the late Mr. JAMES LOWTHER as



"WHAT A MIDEUS CREATURE, JACK! WHAT IS IT?"

"AN ORANG-UTAN FROM SUMATRA."

"OH! THE DELICIOUS DARLING! SAME PLACE AS THOSE DELIGHTFUL RUBBER SHARES COME FROM—THE ONES YOU BOUGHT ME LAST MONTH!"

Chief Secretary for Ireland, someone enquired of the late Lord MORRIS what manner of man the new-comer was. Lord MORRIS at once replied, "Well, now, every wan called LOWTHER 'Jimmy,' but I'd like to see the man that'd vinture to call HICKS-BEACH 'Micky.'"

As a matter of fact, this anecdote only illustrates the strange barriers that divide the political from the domestic personalities of our statesmen. Speaking without the slightest nepotistic bias, I can assure the readers of *The Daily Slop Pail* that, although his relatives do not call him

"Micky," a vast number of the younger generation affectionately refer to him as "Uncle Mick." And, indeed, he is at his best with children, teaching them the fine old game of knucklebones, playing hunt the slipper, or singing nursery rhymes in a rich fruity baritone, which often makes the tears glisten in the eyes of the ladies who are present. He is also very fond of reciting the fairy tales of HANS ANDERSEN with appropriate gestures, and can still throw the boomerang as well as most Australian aborigines. In the political arena he sometimes shows a

certain forbidding hauteur, but in private life he is the sweetest of men. It is this antinomy that led to the saying that he combined the manners of a brigand chief with the nerve of a nursery governess.

THE PLEA OF PARNASSUS.

["It is hard to discover what the public understands in these days when poetry does not pay."—Mr. George Wyndham.]

O SCORNFUL of shawms and of sackbuts,
O slow as the slug on the lawn,
Flat, flat as the bilge in your back-butts,
Deaf adders whose hearts are as
brawn,
Dull reptiles who cheer not the charmer,
O Public, we cry to you now
To shake off dull sloth and to strap on
your armour
And rise from the slough!

With troubadours dead as a haddock
(Tho' e fancy Provençals of France),
And Pegasus penned in his paddock,
And withered the Rose of Romance,
From the lute and the lyre of Apollo
You turn as a bird from the toils,
And shake off the Muses and Minstrels,
to wallow
In Rubbers and Oils!

O comrades of youth, who could render
In form-rooms that faced the grey
quad
The rolling hexameter's splendour,
In Augment and Aorist shod,
You've quitted, you renegade rotters,
"The Royal high service" of song,
The boys are a burden, the ink-bowls
and blotters
Can go to Hong-Kong!

From the mesh of the Mart that would
choke you,
Come back,—for, neglected and glum,
We bards in abeyance invoke you
And crave for a comforting crumb;
Come back to the niche where the Nine
are,
The spacious, the sweet, the succinct,
Ere Phœbus and all of the laurel-linked
line are
As dodos extinct!

"It is settled for Dillon to ride Lemberg in the Two Thousand. Dillon was the first jockey to ride both this colt and his illustrious half-brother Bayardo, who made their *début* in the same race—the New Stakes at Ascot—and won it easily."—*Daily Mail*.

We saw DILLON (or somebody) do something like this in a circus years ago.

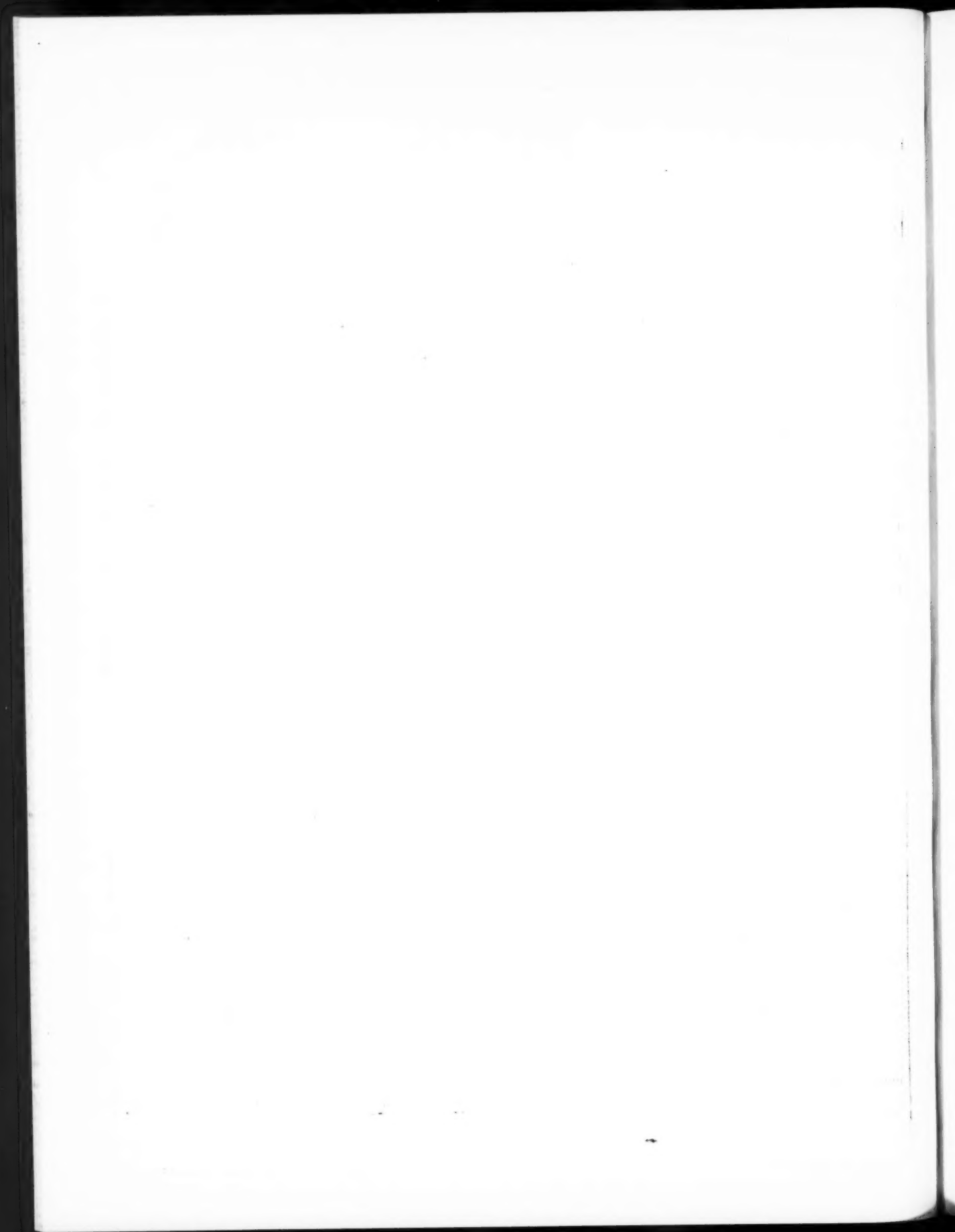
A contemporary refers to the airship garage at Wornwood Scrubbs as "probably the largest building of its size in the world." It is careful not to point out that the garage is also the smallest of its size. Special pleading of this kind is valueless.



A WASTE OF GOOD MATERIAL.

BRITANNIA (to LORD KITCHENER). "WELCOME BACK! I WISH A BETTER POST COULD HAVE BEEN FOUND FOR YOU—BUT OUR POLITICIANS ARE A LITTLE AFRAID OF STRONG MEN."

[Lord Kitchener's new post is the Mediterranean military command. Its last occupant resigned on the ground that it didn't give him enough employment.]



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.

—As not infrequently happens, realisation of stirring scenes in House of Commons fell far short of anticipation. It is the unexpected that holds the secret of success. To-day popular theatre was crammed in pit, stalls, boxes, and top-most galleries. Not since the introduction of Home Rule Bill in 1903, when chairs were ranged on floor of House, has there been such a gathering. Royalty regarded the moving scene from seat over the clock. On one side flanked by muster of Foreign Ministers; on the other the Peers crowded, the PRIMATE standing forlorn amid a group of late comers by the doorway.

Revelations expected. Particulars looked for of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER'S midnight assignations with rebellious Irish Members who demanded a price for sale of the dearest interests of the Empire. Didn't care much about the internecine quarrel between O'BRIEN and REDMOND *ainé*. But if FLEELLEN LLOYD GEORGE could be caught out, or shown up, or what you will that would damage his personal reputation, and possibly confound the Government in a common ruin, here, truly, would be nuts.

O'BRIEN spoiled superb opportunity. At outset sympathy of House decidedly with him. As far as Opposition was concerned he was as enthusiastically cheered as if he had torn down the Home Rule flag, declared himself a Unionist, and handed TIM HEALY over to Castle authorities with intent that he should be imprisoned in cell beneath its deepest moat. Had he been satisfied with half-an-hour's speech, he would have retained, as at first he commanded, attention. Temptation proved overwhelming. Never since he entered House had he had such an audience. Why should he let them off?

At end of first three-quarters of an hour, smiting with right hand his left palm as if it contained the head of JOHN REDMOND, he remarked, "And now to sum up." Then he went on for what seemed another half-hour, though it might have been less by Westminster clock.

Throughout he was in the manner of Mrs. SIDONS. At times he hissed accusation in blood-curdling whisper. Anon he thundered denunciation at top of strident voice. Ostensibly he was there to say, "You're another!" to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER who accused him of gross untruth and disgraceful breach of confidence. As he proceeded with his task the head of JOHN REDMOND ever thrust itself under his arm; finding it there, he stopped to punch it. His ear



"JEREMIAH."

(Mr. MacVeagh, the humorist of the Irish Party.)

was alert to whisper or movement of compatriots on benches behind. At slightest interruption he faced about and slew one or other with fierce stare. Poor SWIFT MACNEILL, in lightness of heart at finding himself back in old familiar scene, once gurgled with laughter. Turning swiftly upon him, SIDONS O'BRIEN announced in tragic tones that he was "not to be disconcerted by apish interruptions."

The whole affair more nearly approached three-cornered duel of



A BORN DIPLOMATIST AND PEACEMAKER!

"Quietly asked whether Pigott was not born and bred a Nationalist."

(Mr. William Moore, K.C.)

MARRYAT's fancy than anything ever seen at Westminster. Difference was that, whereas his three controversialists, placed on triangular lines, blazed away at each other's backs, O'BRIEN, having had first shot at FLEELLEN and REDMOND *ainé*, they in turn riddled him.

Best performance in the serio-comedy was TIM HEALY'S. REDMOND *ainé* smiled contemptuously at O'BRIEN's hate-embittered references to himself. The thing was overdone, the animus too obvious. Different in case of TIM. He played with his victim as cat with mouse, rolling him over with swift stroke of paw, setting him up again for further frolic. All done so easily, with almost fiendish good humour. His patronage of the PREMIER, who had "sized up the Member for Waterford at his proper worth and measure and found him a man without an ounce of political backbone," was so unaffectedly hearty that to suggest malevolence were hypercriticism. But, as the charmed audience felt, there underlay the banter the cruellest form of malice in the assumption that the object of attack was not worth making a fuss about. For the rival aspirant to the Leadership of Irish Nationalists this more scorching than the brimstone flames, more hurtful than the thunderclaps, of O'BRIEN's tempestuous oratory.

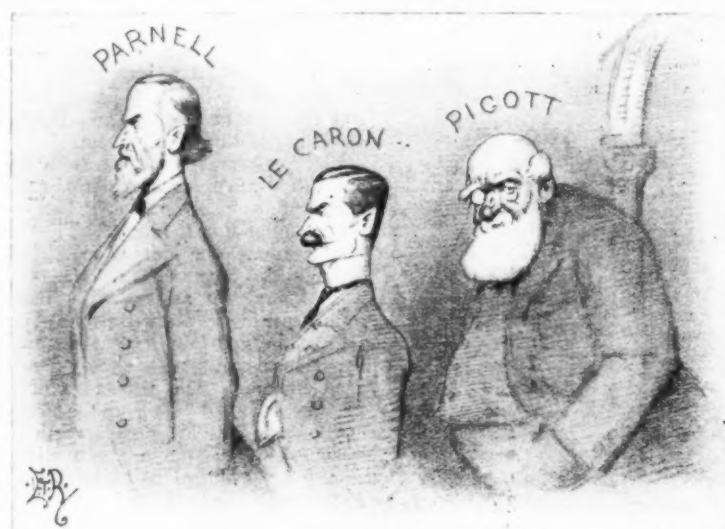
Business done.—Time allocated for dealing with Budget.

Tuesday.—Talk about Empire Day, this is Captain CRAIG's day. Member for East Down has for ever destroyed illusion obscuring his Parliamentary position. Understood his gifts of speech did not go beyond capacity for interrupting with pointed remark orations in process of delivery by one of his fluent countrymen below Gangway. In this art he finds a generous rival in Mr. MOORE, the twin Orangeman who represents another division of Ulster.

To-night MOORE illustrated its efficacy by getting in a nasty one about PICOTT. That renowned person, who in his day drew from GRANDOLPH a well-known passionate adjuration, has cropped up again in connection with the literary excursions of the gentleman whom TRUCULENT TIM was yesterday, without rebuke from the Chair, permitted to allude to as "that ass Anderson." Attempt being made in Redmondite camp to exploit the blundering forger, MOORE quietly asked whether PICOTT was not born and bred a Nationalist, and was he not long time in pay of the Party?

Shot went home; subject dropped like a hot potato.

CRAIG's flight was loftier, longer sustained. He not only made a speech. He brought in a Bill, and would have carried it over its first reading only for a hostile majority of 92. Wants to create new anniversary to be known as



GHOSTS WALK AT WESTMINSTER.

Empire Day. As far as could be made out does not aspire to share Lord AVEBURY'S place in history by adding to the number of Bank Holidays. All he desires is that, as the years revolve, on the 24th of May the British flag shall be run up at the offices of all Departments of State and on every National School. In a glowing passage he told how if this were done "foreigners chancing to visit these shores would see that we had the greatest Empire in the world," whilst the youth of the country "would be taught the true meaning of the flag and what was the meaning of Empire Day."

DILKE, unmoved by this patriotic sentiment, took matter-of-fact view of situation, pointing out that adoption of the measure would stir up hostile feeling in Canada, South Africa and India. On a division first reading was refused. But that a fate common to other great measures eventually added to Statute Book.

Business done.—Old friend the Budget back again. Though lost to sight it has for four months been to memory dear. Its unprecedented history fully maintained in this last chapter. Turns out to be the marvel of the age. Have daily, weekly, morning and evening, read how the country was on the verge of bankruptcy. Disaster postponed by hand-to-mouth policy of borrowing. Turns out there has been some loss to national purse consequent on rejection of Budget by Lords. But it does not exceed £1,300,000, a mere fleabite to a country irretrievably gone to the dogs. When all is squared up, instead of a deficit there will be a surplus closely approaching £3,000,000. Which, as CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER cheerily says,

"can be applied to any purpose the House of Commons may direct."

Thursday.—The Harp that once through Commons' Halls The sound of discord raised suddenly broke out again on Vote on Account. TAYLOR, in speech that commanded attention of crowded House, moved to reduce amount by sum representing pension of ex-Civil servant who, having contributed article to monthly magazine, woke in the morning to find himself more than famous. Debate carried on by series of speeches of considerable length contributed by HOME SECRETARY, LEADER OF OPPOSITION, and PREMIER. Though not lacking in liveliness, House for long time kept clear of unruliness. Just before ten o'clock Members, having dined, returned, thronging benches in anticipation of division.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND presented himself at Table.

In appearance and forensic manner of speech, Mr. CAMPBELL does not notably differ from Mr. URE. This makes it more amazing, as SARK says, how these Law Officers succeed in covering the Parliamentary green with dishevelled wigs. At this hour, making the sixth of interminable talk round the subject, Members on both sides inclined to resent interposition of a somewhat dull ex-Law Officer. For five minutes CAMPBELL sustained his alleged character. Suddenly, without inflection of voice or approach to gesture, he turned an almost somnolent audience into tumultuous mob.

Allusion to PARNELL in connection with Phoenix Park murders flung the fat into the fire. In Committee Room No. 15, subsequently elsewhere, the dis-crowned King of Ireland suffered much contumely at the hands of former col-

leagues, upon whom he retorted by genially describing them as "gutter-snipes." But, if colleagues and compatriots may fling mud on their former idol, they will not permit one whom they call a Castle hack to take a hand in the game. Angrily insisted upon CAMPBELL withdrawing what they denounced as insulting remark.

EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND, like LORD ADVOCATE OF SCOTLAND, stubbornly stood to his guns. For a quarter of an hour storm raged. Irish Members clamouring for withdrawal turned aside from assailing CAMPBELL to browbeat CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES because he would not rule expression out of order. In absence of PREMIER and other colleagues the WINSOME WINSTON in charge of Treasury Bench. Intervened in congenial character of Dove of Peace. Un-availing effort. NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, brought in from his room, where he was studying the course of the Punic War, equally unsuccessful. Not even permitted to conclude a sentence. At length Closure moved, the Irish Members halting on way to Lobby to give three wild cheers for the Leader whom nineteen years ago they loved and lost.

Business done.—Vote on Account agreed to.

A RUBBER-GAME SONG.

SQUASH racquets—that's the only sport
Fit for a man to play,
When all the world is one vast court
From London to Malay;
Prospectus—pit! remittance—pat!
The ball is bouncing free;
Allotment! Can I get up that?
A premium! One to me.

What matter if promoters serve
Once in a way with guile;
No weak directors break my nerve
If shares are brisk the while:
I bear the market for the fall,
And so increase my heard,
Then leave to someone else the ball,
And let him hit the Board.
Then join with me, you have my leave,
It takes a pair to play,
There's one is needed to receive
And just one more to pay;
A purchase—pat! A profit—pit!
A sale—so ends the round,
And anyone may make a hit
With rubber on the bound.

"WANTED, at once, a WASHING WOMAN; please state lowest price per dozen."—*Lath Herald*.
Really it comes cheaper to have one at a time.

"Mr. Dillon began with an Elia-like essay; you could almost see the title 'Of Bargains.'"—*East Anglian Daily Times*.

"Elia" must have been another of BACON'S pen-names.

CONJECTURAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[“If the Daylight Saving Bill had been passed, its operation would have commenced yesterday, and the hour of sunset would have been 7.58 to-night, instead of 6.58.”—Mr. W. Willett in “The Star” of April 18.]

MR. A. KIPLING COMMON has written an eloquent letter to *The Evening Standard* to express regret that SHAKESPEARE did not live in the twentieth century. In that event, as he shows by a masterly and cogent chain of argument, the controversy as to the authorship of his plays and their ascription to BACON would never have arisen or been possible.

SIR HENRY HOWORTH has written a prodigious letter to *The Times*, occupying a special Supplement of eight pages, for the anniversary of the date of his first letter in that journal just fifty years ago. In it he pays a very generous and gracefully worded tribute to ‘COBDEN, PEEL, and BRIGHT. “That these politicians were misguided, mischievous and unpatriotic,” he writes, “cannot be denied. The damage that they inflicted on the prestige and prosperity of the British Empire is of mammoth dimensions, and will not be obliterated in this or even the next century. But this much must be at least set down to their credit. Had they not inspired me in my generous youth to combat their poisonous heresies, I doubt whether I should ever have entered on that long and arduous series of letters, none of them less than one and a half columns in length, which, if paid for only at the rate of a penny a line, would have brought me in from first to last close upon £1,000.”

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON writes to *The Lancet* to point out that if the Metchnikoff treatment, which prolongs the span of human life to 120, had been discovered in Lord MACAULAY’S time, he might be alive now and only 110 years of age.

MR. LOWTHER BRIDGER writes to *The Pall Mall Gazette* to point out that if NAPOLEON had perished in the French Revolution the Battle of Waterloo would in all probability have never been fought, and the phrase “to go Nap” would not have been found in the current phraseology of the card-room.

MR. A. C. BENSON has addressed a remarkable communication to *The Athenæum*, in which he speculates on the extraordinarily interesting reminiscences of HALL CAINE which DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI might have given the world if he had lived sixty years longer.

“2 miles by road, 35 minutes by rail from London. A choice little residential property to be sold.”—*Advt.* in “*The Bystander*.” It doesn’t say upon what line it is, but we can guess.



Would-be Golfer. “I say, SANDY, COULD YE GET SOMEBODY TO PLAY A ROUND WITH ME; SOME ONE WHO PLAYS ABOUT THE SAME GAME AS I DO?”

Sandy. “AY. WIFE, BRING JOCK ALONG.”

SHORT AND BITTER.

[The Spring and Summer modes are designed for tall and slender women, and are surveyed with consternation by the short and plump.]

“I am so short,” the maiden cries,
With trouble in her big blue eyes;
“The kilted skirt how can I wear
With panels plastered here and there?
On long-drawn lines my charm relies.

Tall Amazons, if they are wise,
Such height-reducers well may prize,
But I have not an inch to spare,
I am so short.

And, though this lack I might disguise
If gowned by ‘Stella,’ who supplies
Designs that lend a graceful air
Of slimness to the nearly square,
I can’t afford her price,” she sighs;
“I am so short.”

The Polygamist at Home.

Seen in the country:

“UNION CHAPEL.

LICENSED FOR THE SOLOMONIZATION OF
MARRIAGES.”

The Journalistic Touch.

“Perhaps you will allow an old pageanter to give his impressions of the admirable presentation of Elizabethan times which he has just thoroughly enjoyed in common with an audience literally packed from floor to ceiling.”—*Western Morning News*.

On these occasions, as any sardine will tell you, the great thing is to be on the top layer.

“ENGLISH BOARDING AND APARTMENT HOUSE. Dark-room—convenient for bathing.”—*Daily Malta Chronicle*.

This is true modesty.

OUR SERIAL FOR COURMANDS.

[SYNOPSIS of Previous Chapters, which Might have Appeared in this Paper, but Somehow did Not:—The father of Constantine Drummett, supposing rightly that his son, who has hitherto led a blameless life, has not sufficient brains to carry on the ancestral business of sauce-making, has made him a barrister. A like fate has befallen Algernon de Bouverie, more as a punishment for a misspent youth than as an intended boon for prisoners at the bar. By the intervention of fate and the machinations of the Author, Constantine and Algernon are thrown together, and even go to the length of sharing the same room in a set of chambers, thus warning the reader that their story is to be a highly technical one. Constantine is a tall slim man, with a marked taste for Algernon's cigarettes. Algernon is a short, fat man with a massive but inaccurate knowledge of fishing, which he desires to impart. Neither of them is in love, but both are prepared to be, if the Editor can do with a dozen more chapters or so. For the moment, romance is in abeyance.

Their set of chambers is one of eight sets in 4, Inner Temple Buildings, itself one of twenty buildings looking out on to Queen's Bench Walk. Having no briefs of their own, they deem it the best preparation for their future careers to watch, from their windows, solicitors' clerks taking briefs to other more fortunate but less deserving counsel. Algernon, with the object of accustoming his mind to figures, calculates that, as there are on an average five barristers in each set of chambers, there are eight hundred possible destinations for every brief that wanders into Queen's Bench Walk. At this, Constantine becomes strangely depressed, and remains so until a solicitor's clerk appears, unmistakably making his way to 4, Inner Temple Buildings. Fully aware that even at 4, Inner Temple Buildings there are forty willing recipients of briefs, of whom himself is the least, he yet concludes that a miss is better than a mile and brightens up a little. There follows

a loud and important knock on the outer door, whereat his brightness becomes almost vulgar. It becomes quite vulgar when he fancies he hears his own name mentioned in a colloquy without. "If," says Algernon, "a brief gets as far as this room and is not for me, I shall die." Constantine, when he really overhears his own name being bandied about outside, allows his joy to get the better of him, and he says, "If the brief is for me I will stand you a dinner." It is thereupon agreed that on the first brief coming into that room the lucky recipient shall give the other a dinner to cost ten per cent. of the fee. Algernon makes the only clever legal move of his life, and gets that down in writing. Amidst a tense silence Constantine is hailed outside, while Algernon affixes a

elsewhere, comes and presses a brief into the hand of Constantine. The latter endeavours abortively to combine a boast about his success with a denial of liability for dinners; but Algernon, having spoken a few gracious words of formal congratulation, insists politely but firmly on seeing the fee. This the Author, no less generous than his own solicitor, has put at two hundred guineas; and Algernon, in a thrilling and dramatic moment, produces the agreement and demands a dinner to cost twenty guineas. Constantine produces a series of arguments *contra*, from which one gathers that he will have to improve considerably before his case comes on for trial, and finally, on Thursday, April 14, it is agreed that they will meet that very night at a certain world-famous

restaurant (see advertisements), where Algernon may do his utmost to carry out the original idea. Thus, when the reader is just beginning to think that the Metropolitan Police By-laws ought to limit the number of all previous chapters and put a stop to this disgraceful traffic in synopses, the narrative is suddenly resumed.] —

CHAPTER 497.

Thursday, April 14, was well begun and more than half done when the Temple clock struck one. No less automatically, Algernon rose from his seat,

put the agreement in his pocket and his hat on his head to go out to lunch. He had even got as far as the door before he remembered what he was doing. Then he returned slowly into the room and took off his hat again.

"On second thoughts," he said, looking at Constantine, "I do not think I will have any lunch to-day."

THE END—[Ed.]

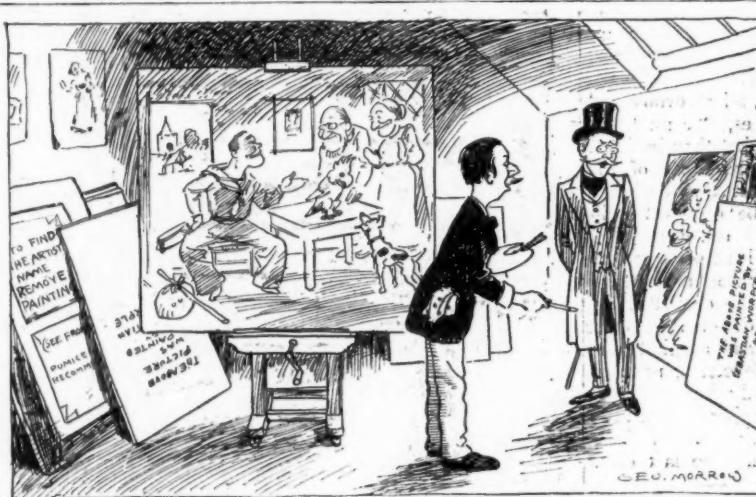
The Growth of the Pageant Movement.

"Mlle. Mania Segel (decorated with the French Academic Palms) receives PIANOFOORTE PUPILS at her studio."—Advt. in "The Morning Post."

A pretty custom.

"In 1883 the plaintiff's mother married his (the defendant's) father's sister."—*The Times* (Law Reports).

We hope we have not committed contempt of court in reproducing this.



Ingenious Artist. "I HAVE INVENTED A SCHEME FOR ENSURING THE AUTHENTICITY OF MY PICTURES. YOU SEE, I PUT MY NAME ON THE FACE OF THE CANVAS BEFORE I COMMENCE PAINTING. IF AT ANY FUTURE TIME THERE SHOULD ARISE ANY DOUBTS OF THEIR GENUINENESS, I HAVE WRITTEN INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BACKS OF THE PICTURES TO THE EFFECT THAT IF THE PAINT BE THOROUGHLY REMOVED BY PUMICE-STONE THE TRUE ARTIST'S NAME WILL APPEAR."

stamp within. It is with mixed feelings that the latter subsequently learns that the supposed brief was a demand for immediate payment of an outstanding debt to a mere tradesman. As for Constantine, the emphasis of his language becomes so marked that the Editor has to take the Author apart and warn him that, unless he is careful someone else will get the job of writing serials for this paper.

Maybe it was the Editor's fault for forgetting the neurotic and highly excitable temperament of the Author, or maybe the latter acts just for revenge. Anyhow, having up to this point kept a tight hand on himself, he now becomes hysterical and so far departs from real life as to invent a solicitor with a kind heart. The latter bustles into Queen's Bench Walk and, resisting seven hundred and ninety-nine temptations to go



A CHANGE IMPENDING.

He. "IF YOU ACCEPT ME IT WILL MAKE ANOTHER MAN OF ME, BUT IF YOU REFUSE ME I SHALL NEVER BE THE SAME MAN AGAIN."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL (the other one) is a magician. Just as it was said of GARRICK that he "could act a gridiron," so Mr. CHURCHILL can write about an American Society-woman and make one sympathise. *Honora*, the heroine of *A Modern Chronicle* (MACMILLAN), is what would be called a Fascinator. Beginning in St. Louis, where she is the adored of an uncle and an aunt, several callow youths, and incidentally an ex-office-boy *Peter Erwin*, she marries *Howard Spence*, a young stockbroker from the East (U.S.A.). Thenceforward a large section of the book is a record of her progress, financial and social, towards Fifth Avenue. It is told in such careful detail as to leave one with the impression of having known New York Society intimately at first hand—and with no desire whatever to renew the experience. Then, that the chronicle might be truthfully modern, there comes along *Hugh Chiltern*, the strong, passionate lover; and *Honora*, weary of her uninteresting husband, obtains a money-down divorce, and marries *Hugh*. What follows, the story of her failure to build up a secure and honourable home upon such foundations, is not only the best part of the book, but, I incline to think, the strongest thing Mr. CHURCHILL has yet done. The tragedy of such defeat is intensely realised. Mercifully, *Hugh's* sudden death cuts short the lingering punishment of their joint degradation, and *Honora*, changed and chastened, escapes to Paris, where,

five years later, *Peter Erwin*, now famous, but with his old devotion unaltered, takes her in his arms. Peters, in the novels, always end that way. Yet I found the finish the least convincing part of an unusually clever book.

If you are a crusty old bachelor, own a mile of house-property in a provincial town, collect your own rents, and live on next to nothing in a tiny cottage, you will save roughly about £5,000 a year. But if your charming step-great-niece, hitherto estranged from your avuncular bosom by a family feud, suddenly alights in the midst of your solitude, cooks you a ravishing kidney omelette on the spot, and throws up her position as a Board School teacher to come and housekeep for you, then you will begin to find out what the world looks like when it is upside down. At any rate that was what old *Mr. Ollerenshaw* discovered when *Helen With the High Hand* (CHAPMAN AND HALL) came down on him like a LLOYD GEORGE on the publicans and dukes, dipped her pretty fingers into his cash-box and gently but firmly began to drag the old hermit-crab out of his shell. The friendly duel between the shrewd old man and his high-handed young relative is described by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT with delightful and subtle humour, and his book is the most diverting I have come across for many a long day. Parry and thrust follow each other with lightning rapidity, till in the final bout the once miserly old man, after he has been cajoled into buying the big show place of the district, responds by quietly marrying its wealthiest widow. Uncle and niece are both lovable

human people; the characters and provincial life are drawn with a firm hand; and I, for my part, have found Mr. BENNETT's story a most agreeable relaxation from the tedium and annoyances of a too political world.

A rather ragged game of Rugby football played on a wet ground and seen through a fog is the nearest simile I can find for the raging activity of Mr. H. C. BAILEY's *Storm and Treasure* (METHUEN). People (and especially the hero) are constantly being seized from behind, flung to the ground, pinioned, trussed, and dragged through the grass or undergrowth to some dark place of captivity, to be hauled up to the light again with the regularity of a tube-lift, just when all hope seemed at an end. The *Vicomte de Jan*, a French *émigré*, is persuaded to return to his *château* of Tiffauges, in La Vendée (that is where the ingots are hid), in order to assist the fortunes of "the Grand Army" against the Republic. Here is one of the *Vicomte's* exploits: "But M. de Jan hurled himself at the unready horseman, and bore him crashing over his horse's head. It was M. de

Jan who was up to snatch the bridle again, to cast Mademoiselle across the saddle and spring up behind her." A neat but simple trick, as they say in the conjuror's text-books, but one that staggers the audience every time. Personally I don't believe *Rudolf Rassendyll* could have done it. And twisted up (either literally or metaphorically) with the figure of M. de Jan are those of *Lucile Colet* (enigma), *Yvette Barsac* (*ri-randière*), and *Jessy Wild* (English spy), who thwarted NAPOLEON in Mr. BAILEY'S

last book, but this time doesn't seem to me to have been earning his money from the Foreign Office. You might think that with all this movement the author's characters would be too exhausted for elaborate repartee, but, bless you! no, not a bit of it; they are more brilliant than ever, even when lying helpless and covered with dirt in a cave or imprisoned at Nantes by the *sans-culottes*. But I do hope that among the *Vicomte's* wedding presents was a good stout silver-backed, hog-bristled clothes-brush; for he needed it.

To come on some secluded mere
And catch the hippo shyly dipping;
To find a track and murmur, "Here
The elephant went lightly tripping;"
To note the rhino's wholesome glee
While on his hide your bullets flatten,—
These are the reading themes for me,
The food on which I love to batten.

Yet Mr. TANGYE's book does not—
Though it's about that kind of "beasties"
(I quote his word)—quite touch the spot
That should be touched where such a feast is;

The banquet's adequate enough,
But spiced with elephantine humour,
Which, though it seems the proper stuff,
Makes heavy work for the consumer.

But don't, I beg of you, suppose
That every line of *In the Torrid
Sudan* (from MURRAY) is verbose
Or quasi-humorously florid.
Much of it is, but there's a deal
That's not included in my slating;
And folk who have the explorer's zeal
Will find it worth investigating.

Don Estebán, a Spanish aristocrat, took to wife *Magdalen Falkland*, a Saxon mixx, and there were issue of the marriage three sons, *Guillen*, *Pepé* and *Frazco*. On the death of the father and the second marriage of the mother, the boys were abandoned to the care of their English uncles, to be by them rechristened *Punch*, *Judy* and *Toby*, and "have all that foreign nonsense knocked out of them." Three eventful careers were well founded, three noteworthy characters were in the making, and *The Bounty of the Gods* (Duckworth) was showing every sign of being a well-written and carefully studied novel, when the

writer, Lady HELEN FORBES, fell a victim, to the influence of the ELINOR GLYN school of fiction. Thereupon the crisp atmosphere becomes warm and humid, the grammar visibly



FORGOTTEN SPORTS—POPPING THE WEASEL.

weakens, and the narrative completely breaks down. *Punch* incontinently dies; *Judy* is forgotten; and *Toby* meanders without purpose through a disjointed career, wherein snake-like women and décolletage abound. His wavering between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism, one of the incidents to which the reader looked forward, tails off into a hasty digression, misconceived and inaccurate on the face of it. Finally and quite unaccountably he becomes the greatest singer that ever was, and the book concludes:—"Probably the path of European fame never opened before a candidate for immortal honours who stepped on to it with a clearer perception that the gods never give with both hands. Turnbull and Spars, Printers, Edinburgh." In this instance it is doubtful if the gods ever really gave at all.

Mark Twain.

BORN 1835. DIED APRIL 21, 1910.

Farewell the gentle spirit, strong to hold
Two sister lands beneath its laughter's spell!
Farewell the courage and the heart of gold!
Hail and farewell!